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...sue Mr. Spoonamore"—and she spoke  
clearly and distinctly—"because he is often  
sed."  
The young man understood.  
He took his hat and his progressive con-  
sums and vanished from Miss Grace  
Spoonamore's alphabet for ever.—[Spare  
cents.

# THE LOST OF ARMS.

ROBT. BARR, IN "LITTONS" MAGAZINE.

## CHAPTER VII.

Before lunch three more telegraph boys called. Yates and three more telegrams in his pocket. The usually high spirits of the newspaper man, who had been under the most violent of attacks, were now as usual, in the case of Yates, almost entirely gone. He was now, as he had been before, in a state of complete depression. He was now, as he had been before, in a state of complete depression. He was now, as he had been before, in a state of complete depression.

"If they would all come together," said Yates, "that one comprehensive order of mobilization would include the lot and have it over. It would be a great deal, but this constant dribbling in of messages would cost the patience of a saint."

He sat in his chair, looking at the edge of his book, remarking that things would look brighter in the morning—when a new remark to make, and the night was dark.

Yates sat silently with his head in his hands for some moments. At last he spoke slowly. "There is no one so obtuse as the thoroughly good man. He is not the man who is afraid of anything. He is not the man who is afraid of anything. He is not the man who is afraid of anything."

He looked up with a smile at his partner sitting on the bottom of an upturned chair. He looked up with a smile at his partner sitting on the bottom of an upturned chair. He looked up with a smile at his partner sitting on the bottom of an upturned chair.

"Here, Bony, take this weapon of devastation and seek it with the potatoes. If any messenger comes in on me to-night I know I shall rattle him off his feet. My better judgment tells me he is innocent, and I don't want to shed the only blood that will be spilled during this awful campaign."

How long they had been asleep they did not know, as the dawn broke, and they both were suddenly awakened by a commotion outside. It was intensely dark inside the tent, but as the light came, they noticed a faint glimmering through the canvas.

"What's that?" said the other below his breath. "There's about a dozen men out there, judging by the footfalls. I heard them coming."

"Let's fire into the tent and be done with it," said a voice outside.

"No, no, no," cried Yates, "no man shoot. It makes too much noise. There must be others about. Have ye all got yer bayonets fixed?"

There was a murmur apparently in the affirmative.

"Very well then, Murphy and O'Hair, come round to this corner three or four where you are. Tim, you go to that end; and, Doolin, come with me."

"And when you're at it, Murphy," said Yates, "not an enough more to hang you with. Remember that any damage you do to that tent you pay for. You pay for it."

Yates gave them a look that he could well have given to any other man. He was now, as he had been before, in a state of complete depression. He was now, as he had been before, in a state of complete depression.

"Heaven and earth, Remark, if you don't stop this, I'll have you shot. I don't do not use the word 'subject,' but 'citizen'."

"I am satisfied with the word, and with the protection given to those who use it."

"Look here, Remark, you had better let me do the talking, and I'll tell you what I think. I know the kind of man I have to deal with; you evidently don't."

"I thought you said you were unarmed," remarked the captain, severely, taking the revolver from him.

"I was unarmed. The revolver is mine, but the professor would not let me use it. He said it was for the professor's use."

"You admit that you are a British agent," said the captain, ignoring Yates.

"He doesn't admit it, he brags of it," said the professor, before Remark could speak.

"I propose, captain," said the red-headed man, "that we shoot these men here. We are spies. They are armed, and they intend it. It's according to the rules of war, captain."

"Rules of war? What do you know of the rules of war?" cried Remark, "Sergeant Major O'Hair, you are a British agent. I am a British agent. I am a British agent."

"I am a British agent," said the red-headed man, "that we shoot these men here. We are spies. They are armed, and they intend it. It's according to the rules of war, captain."

"But the devil are you doing?" said Yates, "the devil are you doing?"

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# YOUNG FOLKS.

A Baiting Story.

The shadows were creeping in the corner, the fire was blazing on the hearth, the clock was ticking in the quiet room. The shadows were creeping in the corner, the fire was blazing on the hearth, the clock was ticking in the quiet room.

"You answered the professor," said Yates, "You answered the professor?"

"I answered the professor," said Yates, "I answered the professor?"

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# WISDOM OF THE CROW.

The Noble Bird is the Most Cunning of Feathered Creatures.

These birds are not only mischievous and cunning, but they are also very intelligent. They are not only mischievous and cunning, but they are also very intelligent. They are not only mischievous and cunning, but they are also very intelligent.

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# EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

A British Match Consumers' League has been formed.

The salary of the Viceroy of India is \$9,288 per annum.

A "monitory" consumption claimed 144 victims in the city of London.

The British War Office has announced that our soldiers are becoming shorter.

It is said that a performance of Utopia is to be given before the Queen in the course of the season.

A Boston statistician finds that nearly two million women as men live to be over 80 years of age.

A movement is on foot in Kansas to establish by law a compulsory insurance against failure of crops.

The survivors of the ship Balahara charge are unwinding away, but there are no more news.

A stationer has advertised that 50 men come for art articles left in railway carriages.

The Bank of England note is not of the same thickness as the Scotch. Counterfeit notes are invariably of one thickness.

Miss Spier & Pond intend to start a restaurant in London, to supply of grilled steaks, chops, and English dishes.

Mr. Fatt's favorite pet is a small Maltese dog named Rishi. He is provided with a complete wardrobe, including a wig.

The Emperor of Austria spends nearly half the day in his study, and he is very busy. During this time he is read to, and makes decisions.

At a fish diet can't be very durable, as to speak. The kittens ran after Miller every day, and he was very much amused to be able to swallow so many fish. They don't stay long, do they? He exclaimed Miller, in despair. "Do they?" He is fun to catch the fish for them. The kittens seemed to enjoy it, too. As for the fish, nobody asked their opinion.









